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MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, whose likeness we offer our readers from the only known photograph in existence, has thus far been the most prominent volunteer officer since the President's proclamation of April 15. His energy, activity, and perseverance in opening a way of communication with Washington, at a time when the capital seemed cut off by events at Baltimore, have been well known to the public, and have won from the Administration the highest encomiums.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Gilley—one of the truest Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the lamented Jonathan Cilley, who was killed in the duel with Graves in Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devoted himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel. Many anecdotes are told of him in Massachusetts illustrating what we have said. His forte is in the *trial* of cases. It is said that he has tried more jury cases for the last ten years than any other lawyer in the United States.

But aside from the law, he has on more than one occasion manifested coolness and intrepidity under trying circumstances. As an instance of this we may mention the memorable incident which took place in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1860. It was during the Presidential contest, and Hon. Rufus Choate had been invited to address the Conservative citizens. The largest hall of the city was crowded to excess. The audience was wild with enthusiasm, as the brilliant orator swayed them by his eloquence; but, in the midst of the applause, a jar was felt, a crash was heard, and every face save one turned pale as the cry went forth, "The floor is sinking!" The man whose cheek knew no pallor was General Butler. He sprang up and calmed the fears of the multitude by telling them that he did not apprehend the least danger; that the architect was present; but to allay any misgiving he would go with the architect, and examine the building.—An immediate investigation showed that the

edifice was in the greatest possible danger, and a sudden movement, a rush on the part of the assembly, would result in the slaughter of thousands. Forgetful of himself, he bravely pushed through the dense crowd. He did not shrink—he showed no marks of trepidation—but with a bland countenance whispered a few apparently pleasant and assuring words to Mr. Choate. Mr. Butler then turned to the audience, and, in a calm, clear voice, remarked: "My friends, there is no present danger; but as the house is overcrowded, it will be better to quietly adjourn to the open air; and I therefore invite you to the front of the Merrimack House." The whole thing was accomplished in a few moments. It was only by Mr. Butler's self-

possession that the catastrophe was avoided. On this occasion he showed more cool courage than any battle will ever call into requisition. In the life of Mr. Choate we find what the words were that blandly fell, *ad hoc*, from Mr. Butler, viz., "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house, or we shall all be in h—l in five minutes!"

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1853, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Middlesex in 1859-'60. In May, 1860, he was sena-

torial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction, and upon his return home was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers, and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and as an energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

We have heard it stated that Mr. Butler was a single man; but this is a mistake, for a number of years ago he married a daughter of Dr. Hildreth, of Lowell, and has a family of children.

The correspondent of the *Herald*, under date of May 15, thus described the performance of General Butler in the war now begun:

"General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through six other States, and into Maryland, embarked on board a steamer, and landed in what was then considered the enemy's country, and took possession of Annapolis and held it."

"The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Annapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made Gen. Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments, and Cook's Boston Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and those in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and turns it upon the enemy; and, with the same Massachusetts regiment that the rebels of Baltimore stoned three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and announcing his ultimatum to all traitors, seizes arms, arrests traitors, and marches through the streets escorted by the single company of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, which received the severest treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeysville, within 15 miles of Baltimore three weeks ago, reach the city or afford him any support. This is history; and truly Gen. Butler has made a brilliant campaign."

"The President, the Secretary of War, General Scott, all appreciate the man, and acknowledge the services which he and the officers and men under him have rendered, and this very day



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]



Attorney-General Benjamin
Secretary Mallory. Secretary Memminger.
Vice-President Stephens. Secretary Walker.
President Davis.
Postmaster Reagan.
Secretary Tomba.
THE CABINET OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES AT MONTGOMERY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITEHEAD, OF WASHINGTON, AND HINTON, OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



LUTHER C. LADD, A MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER, KILLED AT BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE WAR.

We publish herewith, from a photograph kindly sent us from Lowell, a PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. LADD, who was murdered by the rowdies of Baltimore, on his passage through that city, on 19th April. Our correspondent writes us:

Lowell, May 16, 1861.
Luther Crawford Ladd was born in Alexandria, New Hampshire, and on the 22d of last December was seventeen years of age. When the order came for the City Guards, giving as a reason for choosing this company that he thought it the most likely to be called out; and when the orders came for marching his friends urged him not to go, but his reply was, "I shall go for my stars and stripes any day," and with a brave heart he left his mother's arms, and went to the front of his regiment, young, well posted in our national affairs, and hoping that the inclosed will be of some use to you, I remain, your humble servant,
CHARLES A. KIMBALL.

OUR SOUTHERN PICTURES.

We publish this week, from sketches by our artist who is traveling with W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the *London Times*, three pictures of Montgomery, Alabama, and a couple of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, which possess remarkable interest at the present time. Our artist writes us as follows respecting them:

Montgomery, Alabama, May 8, 1861.
It was about noon on May-day when we embarked in the charming Florida steamer, *Tallahatchee*, under the guidance of her veteran commander the gallant "Commodore" Tatnall, whom a sense of duty to his native State has severed from the flag to which his bravery has added more than a blaze of glory.
He was attended by a suite of officers and an escort of cavalry, many of the former almost beardless youths from Annapolis, or Midshipmen of a year's cruise. We passed down between banks clad in reeds, the fringe of the parapets within which the coy and sprouting rice now and then showed three leagues when the word was passed "Anchor!" and the ship, with a flourish of her guns, came to anchor, dropping within a short pull of Fort Pulaski, when we were towed ashore, landed at the wharf, and made our way to this admirable defense of the "Queen of Georgia Waters," of which the accompanying sketch will no doubt be of interest.
The fort was even a more striking contrast to the dilapidated and dismantled glories of Sumter than a wedding is to a wake. Several hundred newly-gathered recruits, under the guidance of officers recently of the United States Army, were learning the noble art of war and fortification. The fort, being tenanted by but a company's guard, was not prepared to accommodate two thousand men, and the pictures and the holiday costume to the scene, at variance with the martial preparations progressing on the sea-wall and in the casemates beneath.

When the Georgian troops took possession of Pulaski not a gun was mounted, save a barbed battery of heavy guns from Virginia and other States, and have mounted them in numbers all around the parapet upon carriages of yellow pine—which are large and strong as one could wish. I am told that this wood, so plentiful here, has never before been adapted to this use, the casemates were all in order, three Columbiads.
The guns on *barbette*, being eight and ten inch Columbiads, are all named. The appellations of a few of which I give you: "Beauregard," "Sumter," "Tatnall," "Lawton," "Lane," "Twigg," "Cuthbert," and others. One of a sketch of all at the moment Mr. Russell (London *Times*) was taking with his practiced eye the range of the place, "This wall pointed," said he (it being directed toward the outer channel). The Commodore expressed his determination, in event of an attack, to point the ponderous New England gun, the "Lane," at the fort, and the other guns about the gun. Many of my old friends, who have served nearly their term at West Point—some with marked distinction for ability—are here upon duty. A son of General Lane has command of General Columbus' wig, and a son of General Twiggs has command of General Grant's wig. The fort is high enough to say any thing—a son of a gun, for instance.
After an inspection of the fort we were summoned to collation No. 2, in the officers' mess, which was any thing but "short commons," and far jollier than the meagre fare that Major Anderson and his gallant staff were enjoying upon the pick of "what-you-know" was a signal to fill up. Then the stories, bon mot, etc., finished a most delightful visit

to one of the finest forts in the country, and the most perfect state of defense.

We returned to Savannah, in the cool of the evening, enjoying *en route* the glories of a beautiful southern summer, and the beauty of her harbors—within a couple of cables' length of the yacht *Camilla* (*American*), of which Captain Decri is now the fortunate possessor, that so pleasantly a point day had come to a close.

A word *en passant* of the *Camilla*. The Captain is a gentleman of independent fortune, with a most charming wife, and a most charming son, with him sail from country to country in the yacht in like a manner as one can well conceive of. During a recent tour to the Cape de Verde, the little vessel covered the distance of seven hundred miles in two days, thus more than retrieving the laurels she lost while in the hands of Commodore Fremont at the Plymouth last fall, which emboldened her present proprietor to challenge all England for a sail, without finding a competitor. The price of your yacht running income is not to go to decay. But ships, unlike mortals, can have their skeletons clothed in the new beauty of line and strength of skin; and the "Camilla" is no exception.

es, "now walks the water like a thing of life" again. Leaving Savannah, we journeyed on to Montgomery, which place just now is the seat of the Confederate States of America.
The meetings of Congress are held with closed doors at present, as many subjects of importance must be discussed without fear of what may be said being sent all over the country during the next hour. General Davis, the lady of the President, Mrs. Davis, held a morning *teé* yesterday (the 7th), which was largely attended by the many good people of this city. Among the strangers Mr. Russell, Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, and Captain Decri were received with marked attention and salutes of honor to Tennessee and Arkansas when their secession became known.

I send a sketch of the city (Montgomery), from the opposite bank of the Alabama River, which at this place is perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, with a current between its two banks of two miles per hour. The city, which commands a graceful and extensive prospect of the fertile and wooded scene beneath. I have had a number of pleasant rambles into the neighboring country, which is exceedingly rich and well cultivated. I am told that more than a third of the land last year planted with cotton is now in use for the cultivation of corn, grapes, and other fruits. The wheat will much of it be ready for harvest in a fortnight. Strawberries are nearly gone, and the blackberries are to be had in great abundance. The President is busily engaged, and I am told works eighteen of the twenty-four hours; yet he looks, as usual, in good health. The hotels, when we arrived, were crowded to excess, but the gentlemen who are here, and combine much alike in their never others being full? The Exchange is the hotel of the city—the other being full? One-horse, and in some cases not that.

To-morrow we shall be *en route* for New Orleans. I must not omit to mention the recruiting with file and drum. One day of my sojourn at this place was noisy with the drum and the music of the band, and the persuasive whistle of the fife, and the appeals, to which I could not respond, I revenged myself for the annoyance by transferring to paper the instruments of torture *sensu* substance.
The truculent dartery in the centre, the punisher of the huge base-drum, I fear will some day become so exasperated with not being able to accomplish his purpose, (beat the object by the side of a house, and making a rush and butt, disappear. When this is to be done I am to be forewarned, when I will forward sketches immediately.

THOS. R. DAVIS.

THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE.

We mentioned in our last number that Baltimore had been occupied by the United States forces under General Butler, of the Massachusetts Volunteers. We now publish on pages 844 and 845, from a photograph by Mr. Weaver, of Baltimore, a picture of the ENCAMPMENT OF GENERAL BUTLER'S CORPS d'ARMEE ON FEDERAL HILL, which the troops occupied on 13th inst., having marched through part of the city of Baltimore to that point without molestation. Our artist writes us as follows concerning his picture:

Baltimore, May 15, 1861.
Inclosed find photograph of Encampment of United States troops under command of General Butler on Federal Hill, opposite Baltimore City, or just across the Basin. General Butler left the Relay House with 1000 men, and reached here on evening of 13th, and the picture gives them as on the 14th inst. This place of encampment is much higher than the city, and a fine view down the river on the city side. The hill is almost perpendicular, and some 75 to 200 feet in height. You will perceive the hill is a peninsula, which runs down to Fort M'Henry, which is about one mile below.

PARSON BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, who is now, with Senator Andrew Johnson, the leading champion of the Union in that State. The following sketch of Mr. Brownlow's life has been prepared for us by a friend of his.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW was born in Wyrthe County, Virginia, August 5, 1800. His parents were poor, and died when he was about ten years old. They were both Virginians, and his father was a school-mate of General Houston, in Rockbridge County. After the death of his parents he lived with his mother's relations, and was placed to school until he was some eighteen years of age, when he served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of a house-carpen-

His education was imperfect and irregular, even in those times when the common-schools of the country. He received the rudiments of the English language at the session of the 11th Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and traveled ten years without intermission, and was a member of the General Conference held in Philadelphia. He was untiring in his energy, and availed himself of the advantages of the Methodist itinerancy to augment his knowledge of his education, which he did in all the English branches.

Mr. Brownlow is about six feet high, and weighs about 175 pounds; has had as fine a constitution as any man ever had. He has no grey hairs in his head, and will pass for a man of thirty-five years. He has had the strongest constitution in East Tennessee, where he has resided for the last thirty years. He has an interesting family. He has been speaking all that time, and in all the controversies of the day. About eighteen months ago his voice failed from an attack of bronchitis, and he put himself under the care of Professor Horace Green, of New York, who performed an operation on his throat, which rendered him almost voiceless. He now speaks very well for the space of one hour's voice. He is a man of great energy. He is the author of several books; but the one which has had the largest run is one of over four hundred pages, being a vindication of the Methodist Church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. Graves, in Nashville. Brownlow's work was published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, in Nashville. It has sold 50,000 copies have been circulated in the South and West. It is a work of great energy, but of naked ability.

In 1838 he was engaged in a debate upon the Slavery question, in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Mr. Prym, of New York, in which he defended the institution of Slavery with marked ability, exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with the details of the subject. The debate, a volume of some four hundred pages, is for sale by J. E. Lipincott & Co.

He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Fighting Parson," but no man is more peaceable, or more highly esteemed by his neighbors. Few men are more charitable, and few of his means—for he is not so rich as he seems—go to the cause of a year.

His career is as much in the course of a year. He is a native of an office-holder. He has been an office-holder in Tennessee in 1833, by espousing the cause of John Quincy Adams as against Andrew Jackson. He has been all his life, as he still is, an ardent Whig, and Webster were his standards of political orthodoxy. He is a member of the *Whig*, which he has edited for twenty years, and exports a controlling influence in the politics of the State. He is a decided Union man, and battles with equal zeal and ability against the abolitionism of the North and the disunion heresy of the Southern States. He is now the independent candidate for Governor of Tennessee. His friends are numerous and devoted to him, and his enemies are not a few in number, and very bitter.

THE CABINET AT MONTGOMERY.

We publish on page 840, from photographs made at Washington and at Montgomery, and forwarded to us by our correspondent Mr. Davis, now traveling at Law, Correspondent of the *London Times*, a group of portraits of the Cabinet at Montgomery.
The President and Vice-President, Messrs. Davis and Stephens, we have heretofore given; their portraits and biographies will be found at length in No. 217 of the *Weekly*. The following sketches will introduce the members of the Southern Cabinet to our readers:

ROBERT TOOMBS, SECRETARY OF STATE.
Hon. Robert Toombs was born in Wilkes county, Georgia, July 2, 1810. Commencing his collegiate life at the University of Georgia, he subsequently went North, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady, New York. In 1838 he served as a captain of volunteers in the Creek war. In the next year he was elected to the Legislature, and since that time has been constantly in public life as representative of Georgia. He has been active and potent in the cause of secession. He has been called to a post of great importance—one which will serve to display all his merits as a statesman.

JOHN H. REAGAN, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Mr. Reagan has never been prominent in national politics, though he served some years in Congress. His functions as Postmaster-General in the Seceded States have thus far been a sinecure, as the mails are still carried by the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIG GUNS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

New York, April 11, 1861.
Is a recent issue you had an article on "Big Guns," in which you stated the one described was the largest in the world.

Please read the inclosed, and oblige

PRAIRIE HOWITZER.

"India was not behind in the weapons of war. The Dussak sword-blades of Googent, *Wood's steel*, are superior to any thing Europe can boast of, and *deemed as excellent in England* that they are used entirely for surgical instruments.

"Their cannon are the wonder of all who have seen them. The celebrated ones at Dacca, Moorshedabad, Agra, and Balafore, were of fifteen, eighteen, twenty-three, and thirty inches' bore, weighing from eleven to forty tons, and throwing shot from four hundred-weight to a ton and a half."—*IRELAND'S Wall Street to Cashmere*, p. 623.



WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SMILEY, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.]

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY.—A JUVENILE PARTY, 3 TILL 7.



and desperate trials of strength. The little girls are more dignified and self-possessed, but slightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppressed with a sense of the magnitude of their attire.

Of all living things, the wisest is surely a certain type of a little girl just before reaching the recognized age of reason, and a long way off from what are called years of discretion; she is so sensible, so sedate, so useful, so every thing that is proper; always thinking of others, never of herself; can direct, instruct, or advise any number of brothers, or manage the most complicated household affairs, and, in short, seems by instinct to belong to the governing classes. In humble life, she is seen in the street followed by a troop of youngsters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herself, and it is a fine sight to see how she manoeuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous crossing. Among the ladies, she is generally seen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of visitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurseries up stairs. Common-sense and prudence are

three till seven does not describe the time of life of the company, but indicates the hours at which the party begins and ends.

Children nowadays are invited "out" very soon after they come into the world; and to say that youth and beauty at the age of three years is commonly seen at a juvenile party would be to give a very faint idea of the truth. Babies are invited; and in the horizontal or recumbent stage of their dear little existences, before they have reached their perpendicular and toddling period; and the consequence is, that portions of the company are carried into the assembly by processions of nursery-maids, in whose arms they repose, staring about with great intelligence but quite unconscious of the nature of the proceedings, and dressed in the height of the fashion—for their time of life—bless them!

The little boys at first are shy and awkward, and eye one another with half curious, half pugnacious looks, uncertain whether to make friends or to plunge at once into violent personal encounters



A JUVENILE PARTY—3 TILL 7.

her most prominent characteristics; and in all affairs of life, my belief is she is qualified to give the very best advice. At the juvenile party she is seen enjoying herself in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of sober merriment; an enemy to every thing rough or boisterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and sisters. What would mothers do without her, I wonder?

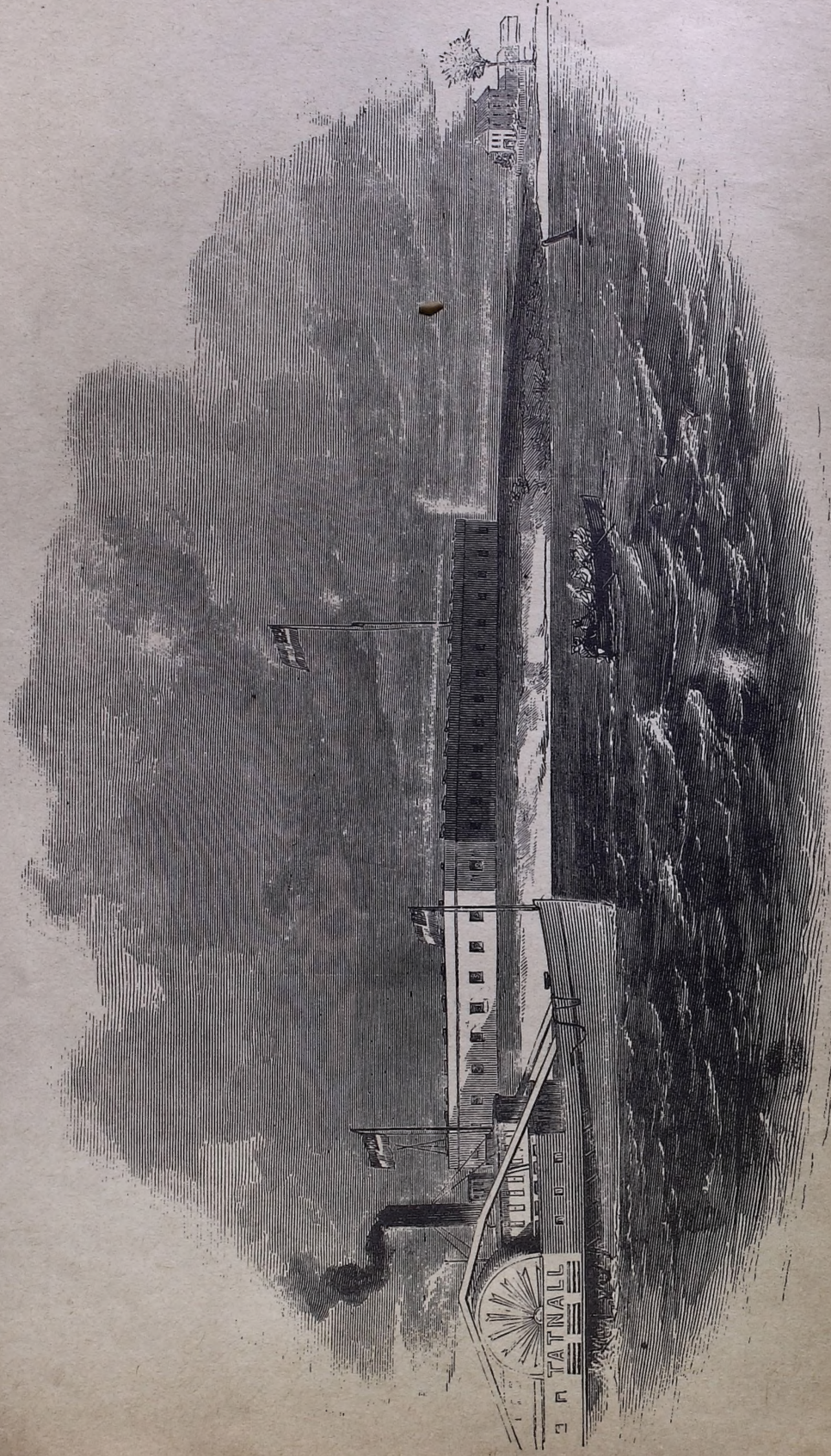
The accompanying drawing is designed to show a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the stiffness and the coyness, and the pride and the pomp of the earlier part of the afternoon has given way, in most cases, to the high spirits and demonstrative behavior of the natural juvenile. The sports and pastimes are dancing, so to speak, and may be said to include (rooking) horse exercise, and music on the penny trumpet; besides playing at soldiers and Noah's ark (with all the latest improvements), fighting, flirtation, jack-in-the-box, and no end of other games, sentimental conversation, and sleep! And, oh! to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys since the days when I played at Noah's ark! In what other direction has civilization progressed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time represented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artless simplicity—all the quadrupeds supported by four perfectly straight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a shapeless block, and every bird and beast, without exception, decorated on its outside with round spots of vermilion color of about the size of a sixpence. While now what a change! The most lovely lions, tigers, and giraffes; with coats of such a delightful fluffy texture; their forms modelled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; outside that might challenge the criticism of a Landseer; the inside constructed, I have no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Prof. Owen.

As I have endeavored with my pencil to show a few of the varieties to be seen on these occasions, to attempt here any thing like a list or elaborate description of the company would be as a twofold tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few "representative" juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and among them the young lady who considers herself no longer a juvenile, is not yet "out," so just condescends to come, and conducts herself with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whose great delight is dancing with all the smallest of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or saving them from being swamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growths. It is pleasant to see him bent double in the endeavor to reach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a series of jumps, regardless of time, or space, or collisions with other couples, or bumpings up against the spectators. And the performance must be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to shoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember how once on asking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his saying, "I enjoyed myself very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud puss who does not consider that either the family or years of the little boy who humbly asks if "he may have the pleasure," entitle him to that distinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a boy in a jacket, indeed! Somewhat similar things have happened at parties not juvenile; only in after-life it is not often vent of years that is objected to in a partner. Then there is that good-for-nothing boy, who is so careless and slovenly in his dress, and so odd in his ways, and not like other boys, and does not care for play, and won't dance, can't learn easily, yet is fond of reading, and pores over books or a curious mechanical contrivance, in the most absurd way possible, for hours. He is like a fish out of water at a party, is considered rather a failure by his family and friends—and perhaps will some day turn out a great genius, and discover or invent something that will astonish or delight the world.

And there is the clever rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the mischievous young gentleman with the large organ of destructiveness, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that display themselves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and every body else's clothes, and upsetting every article sufficiently handy for the purpose that comes within his reach. For about three seconds after some great act of destruction he looks very penitent, but he instantly begins again, and fortunate is the party in which only one specimen of this genus is found.

But if some are troublesome and riotous, and others begin to display precocious symptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the society and conversation of babies the most delightful of all. When I get over the first feeling of shyness in the presence of a strange infant, and when presuming so far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken but shaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the finest lady in the land—of fashion. The process is this: you hold out a finger, the first, and it is instantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which close tightly round your one finger with an intensity of friendliness and confidence rare in after-life, and which is accompanied by a look of such happiness, and so straightforward and honest, and unselfish, that the recollection of it is a joy forever afterward.

Emboldened by the feeling of intimacy thus established, one may sometimes go so far as to thrust a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young baby may be called "i'it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the most beautiful smiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin—the whole



FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

face becomes radiant with the brightest and most sunshiny laughter. At the same moment a sudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waistcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurse of course, shows a natural jollity and disposition at that early age to poke people in the ribs. Then the month struggles into the position usually employed in whistling, but the result is more in the nature of crowing. I don't think it possible to express the sound by any combination of letters at my command, so won't attempt it. The conversation does not go much beyond this, and there may be some who would object to it on the ground of want of point; others I can fancy saying they were

for more variety, but to me it appears very expressive—as far as it goes; and if it is not very witty, or very learned, or particularly wise; on the other hand, there is no effort at display; it is not ill-natured, or self-sufficient, or pretentious, or vulgar, or silly; and I prefer it to much of the talk that is heard in "society."

Is reference to an article in our issue of May 11, we are reminded by many correspondents in Kentucky that the Banks of that State have not suspended. The Act authorizing their suspension has passed, but they have not yet availed them-

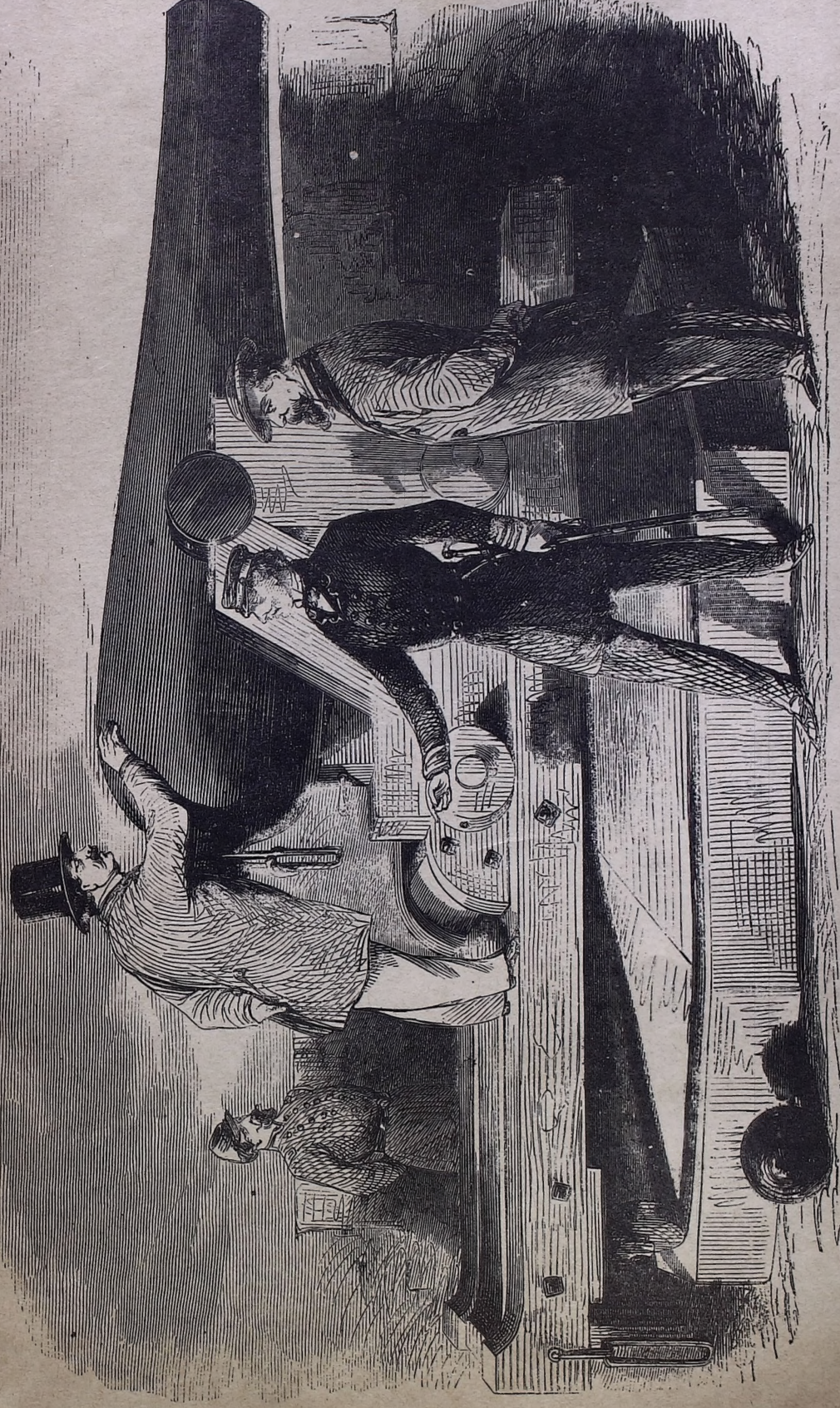
selves of it. Heretofore the Kentucky Banks have stood very well.

THE FIGHT AT BALTIMORE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Is a late issue of your valuable sheet, you are laboring under a mistake in making the statement that the Acton Company was engaged in the fight at Baltimore on the 19th inst. The whole of the Sixth regiment of the Massachusetts volunteer militia was not engaged in the fight. The only

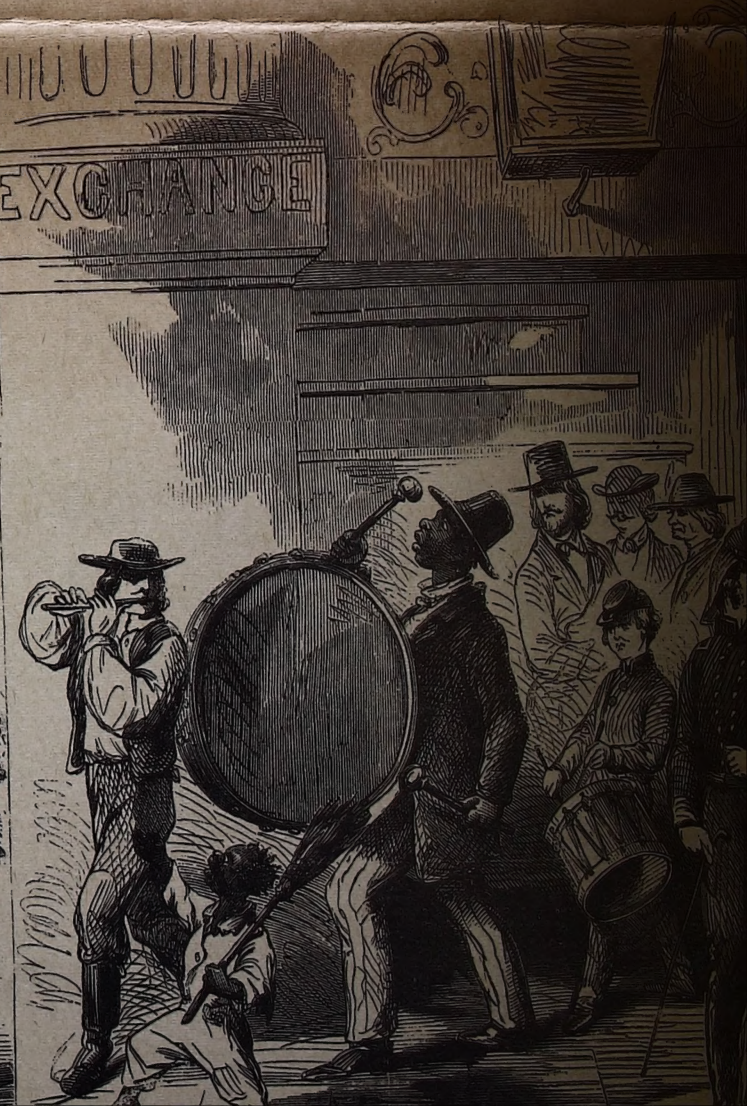
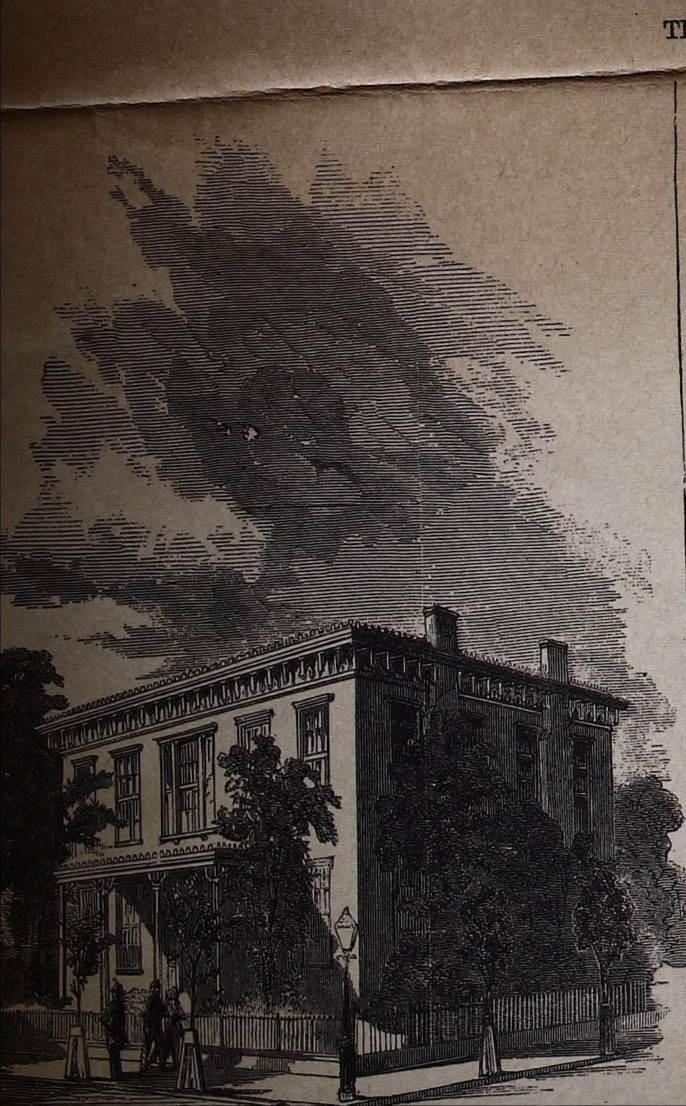
companies that participated in the fight were Company C, Mechanic Phalanx of Lowell, Company I, Light Infantry of Lawrence, Company D, City Guards of Lowell, and Company L, Light Infantry from Stoneham. There are eleven companies comprising the regiment; but seven of them, together with all the regimental officers, had passed through and a half from the fight; and in fact knew nothing of it until the four companies in question fought their way through the mob and rejoined them. This you may rely on as being a correct statement of the case. Yours, etc. C. P. L.



MR. RUSSELL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES," COM. TATNALL, MAJOR SMITH, AND MR. WARD INSPECTING THE 10-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT PULASKI. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

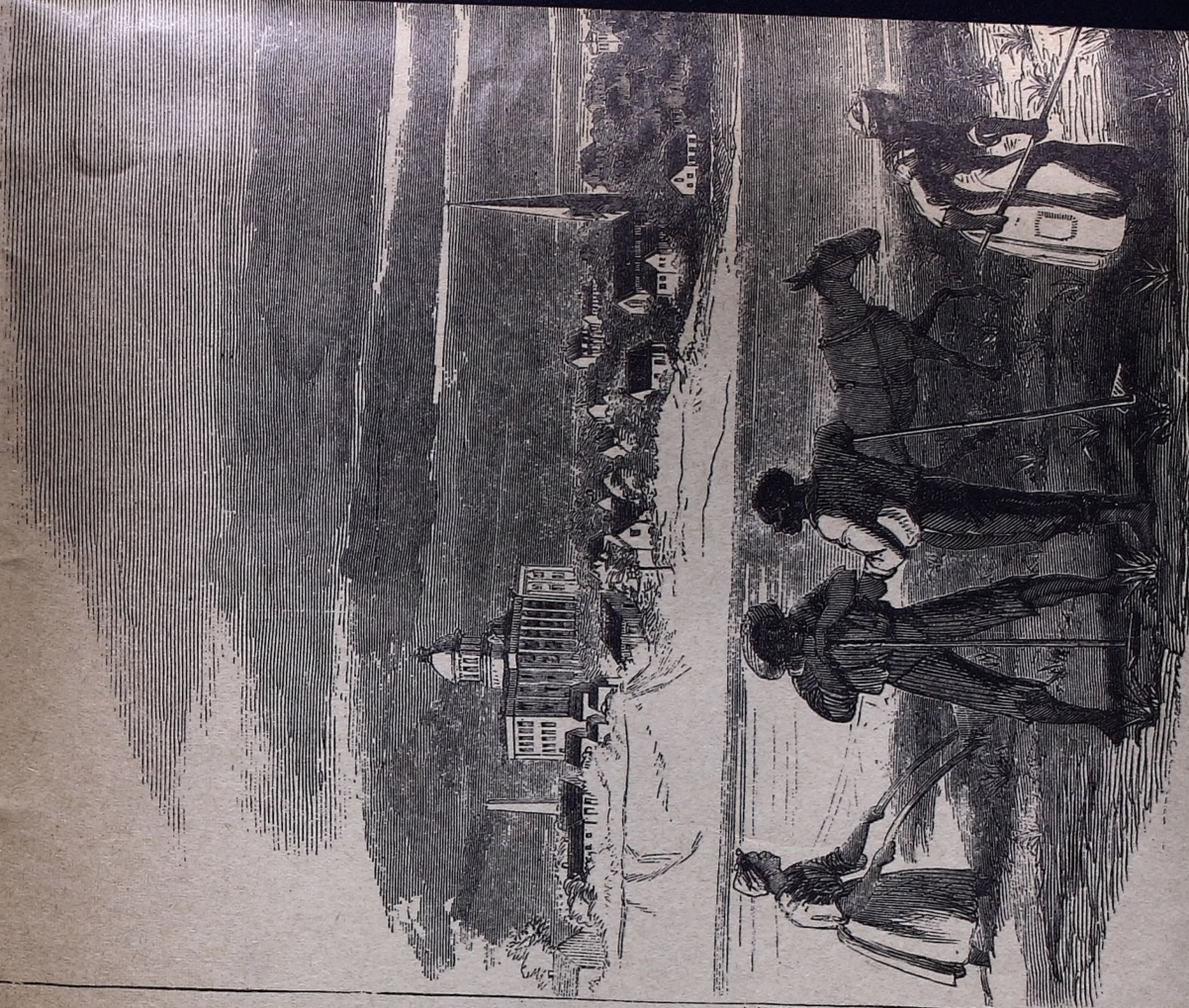




THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER



THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT \$5000 A YEAR.



CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



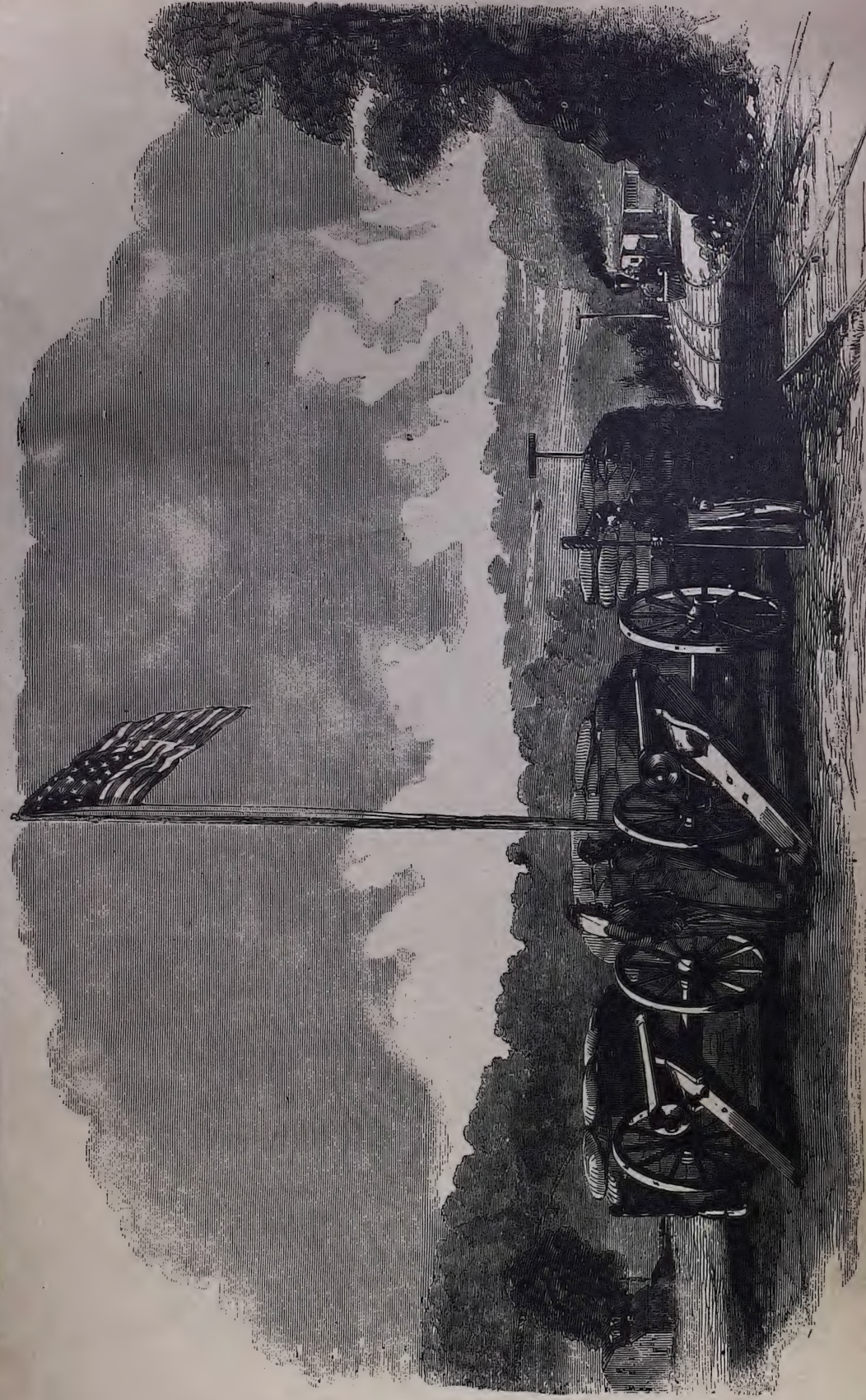
ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



TRAVELING WITH W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



DRUMMING UP RECRUITS FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.



SAND-BAG BATTERY, COMMANDING THE ROAD TO HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RELAY HOUSE—BUILT BY LIEUTENANT W. H. MCARTNEY, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

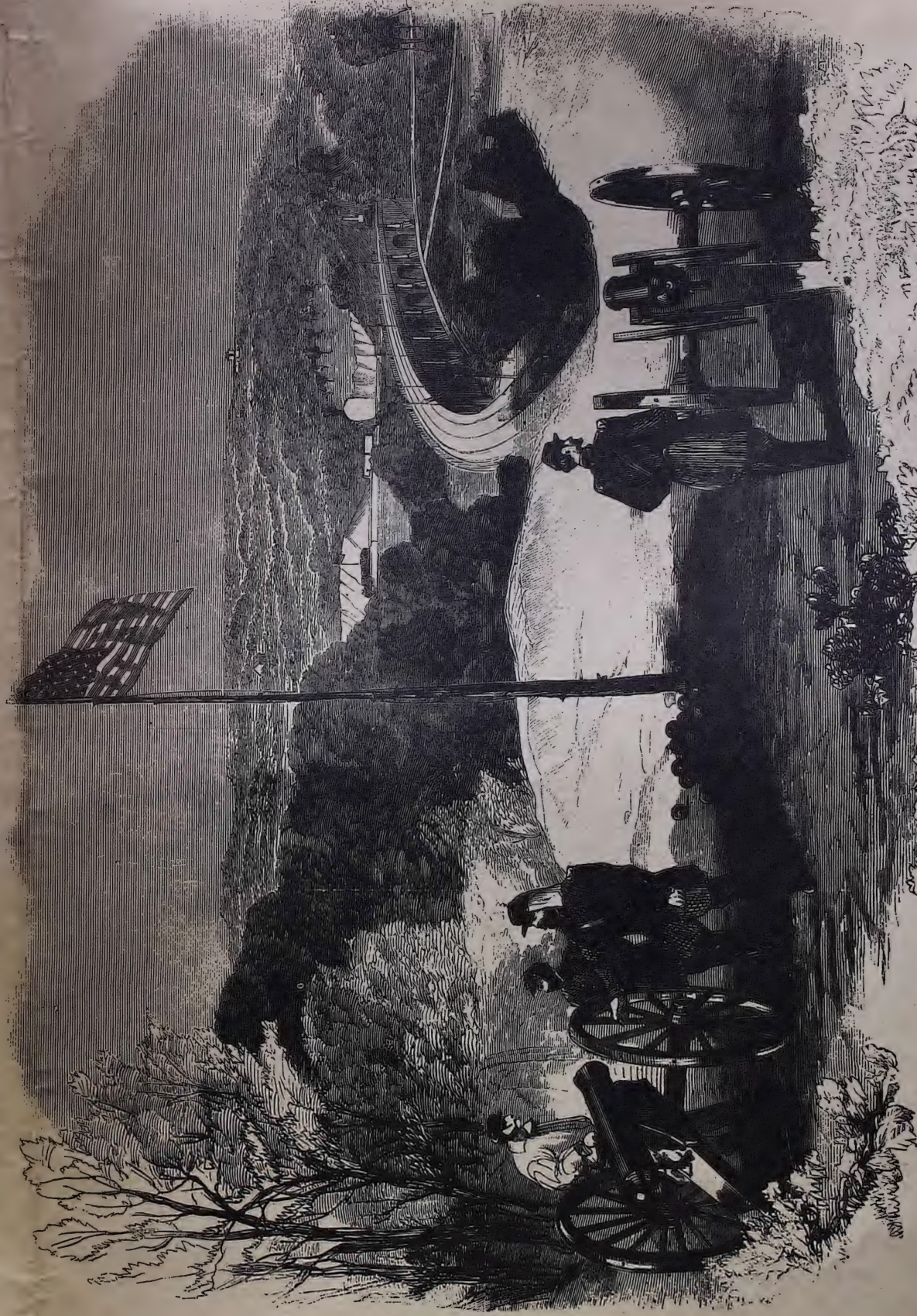
RELAY-HOUSE BATTERIES.

WE publish herewith, from sketches by our spe-

cial artist, pictures of the BATTERIES ERCTED ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD BY THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. The occupation of

the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was the condition precedent to the occupation of Baltimore.

These fortifications were erected, and are manned by the Massachusetts volunteer artillery—a gallant and useful body of men.



THE BOUQUET BATTERY, COMMANDING THE BRIDGE AT THE RELAY HOUSE, LIEUTENANT JOSIAH PORTER, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY, COMMANDING.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

We publish on this page two more illustrations of our army at Washington—one representing the gallant Rhode Islanders "drinking" in the Patent Office, the other the quarters of the Sixty-Ninth (Irish) Regiment in the Georgetown College. Never since American inventive genius was first aroused did the Patent Office contain such remarkable models of American manufacture as those which now sleep three deep in "bunks" spread along the edge of the cabinets; and to those students of mechanism who have been wont to resort to the Patent Office to work out unfinished problems and baffle great inventions, the presence of the sturdy Rhode Islanders, and the stacks of eloquent muskets present a novel and a startling scene.

With regard to the Sixty-ninth the Washington *Republican* says: "We paid a visit to this regiment, who are quartered in Georgetown College, yesterday, and found the men all busy in the various duties pertaining to military life. They are all in fine spirits, and seem to enjoy the soldier's life amazingly, although many of them are getting impatient, and wish to be off to some fighting region. The grounds exhibit quite a busy scene, the men in companies and squads learning the use of their arms. Several companies were also in the distant portion of the grounds engaged in target firing, and exercising in loading and firing. The targets were generally brought in completely riddled, and the firing by company was executed with the greatest precision. Several officers of the army, lately gradu-

ated from West Point, are constantly employed in instructing the men in the use of their arms, which they are beginning to handle like regulars. The hours of drill are 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. for company, and at 4 o'clock the regimental review takes place. The officers of the Catholic Church near the college have placed it at the disposal of the regiment, and the chaplain, the Rev. Father Mooney, officiates before the regiment every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. The citizens of the neighborhood speak in the highest terms of the conduct

of the men, and Colonel Corcoran may well be proud of the good name the regiment has earned. The New York *Times* correspondent writes of the 69th: "The parade of the 69th to-day was very fine. The regiment was very full, over one thousand men being in the ranks. Colonel Corcoran exercised his men in battalion drill, bayonet charges in double quick time, in hollow square, etc. Toward the close the music of a band was heard, and the gates being opened, the 5th Massachusetts Regiment marched in and saluted the

SLEEPING-BUNKS OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT, AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON. [SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



69th. After the usual courtesies the Massachusetts and New York regiments were brought in line on opposite sides of the square, and they cheered each other most lustily. It was an exciting scene to see the Puritan New Englanders and Catholic Irishmen thus fraternizing. After the drill the officers of the two regiments had a friendly glass of wine and a most cordial reunion.

"General Runyon and staff of the New Jersey Brigade, also visited the 69th, and partook of the hospitalities of Colonel Corcoran and Father Mooney. General Runyon, in response to a sentiment offered by Father Mooney, made an eloquent and patriotic address.

"It is a noticeable fact that the first interchange of military courtesies was between Colonel Vosburgh, of the American 71st, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Irish 69th. The common danger appears to have made native and foreigners common friends."

The same writer speaks of the Rhode Islanders:

"The Rhode Island Regiment is quartered at the Patent Office. They had a large number of the 69th, and yesterday at 10 o'clock the drums beat to muster the men, and while the magnificent band which accompanies this regiment made the lofty hall ring with its enchanting music, the men, silently and with measured tread, formed on each side of the wide marble columns, near a temporary desk which was to be used for the purpose of receiving the names of the men. Among them Governor Sprague, a young man about 38 or 30 years, with a pale, delicate, but firm face. It was a solemn scene, as I closed my eyes for a moment and listened to the grand music that resounded through the large building, and the even tread of that large body of silent men on the marble floors of the wide hall. The sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Mooney, of Rhode Island, was appropriate and very fine."



QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



THE ARMORY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

OUR ARMY AT ALBANY.

The accompanying illustrations will introduce the reader to the ALBANY ARMORY, the headquarters of our State army in that section of the State. Here, since the President's proclamation, Jayge bodies of men have been constantly engaged in closed drill, and here the Military Board concentrates its efforts in endeavoring to fit them out.

Our second picture represents the drumming out of two soldiers who refused to take the oath. They were stripped of their arms, a white feather stuck over each ear, and they were marched out of the Armory grounds with the drums playing the Rogue's March. Crowds of people assembled to see them undergo the degrading penance.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

"Tis five years ago, I was playing
At pool, as he doubled me in,
I remember Fred Lushington saying,
"Yes, nice little girl, but so thin."
"Oh! such a sweet net was she spreading
To catch me." He stroked his mustache
But I beat a retreat in quick march,
"I'd have said you were a dandy."
"I'd no thought at her feelings of hurtling,
But the thing I thought to growl;
It was down in the country, you know."
"So," said Frederick, "fearing extraction
Of what this all meant by papa,
I fled, leaving no ground for an action."
And laughed, as he lit his cigar.

II.

Poor innocent fool! she is reading
What he wrote in her album that day,
The verse of a false-hearted pleading,
Inscribed "To the bright eyes of May."
She rises; the light low is burning;
All starless the dark night is turning;
In silence, the point of its noon.
Hark! listen in sob of wild passion,
Goes forth on the blackness her cry;
Like rain drops, they heavily fall on
The stream of the hour flowing by.
Her dark hair all flowing around her,
Her face hidden in her white hands,
In a trance of dull sorrow, thus found her
Dawn, wintery lighting the lands.

III.

Did she die? Not all; she has married
Since then Sir Aedon de Vere,
And the thrush of that sorrow has perished
With a fool and ten thousand a year.
I met her, as lovely as ever,
'Tis what bring all this back, yesterday,
Fred was there, looking out for the Treves,
He loved, as he passed on his bay.
And though in the Row that's called Rotten,
Such feelings of course have no place,
I thought she had not quite forgotten,
By the flush, as she mov'd, on her face,
Lang Syne and the sketchings together,
Beneath the cool rustle of leaves,
Whence oft, in the rich autumn weather,
They wander'd away to the sheaves.



DRUMMING OUT ALBANY VOLUNTEERS WHO REFUSED TO TAKE THE OATH.—[FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.]

THE FIGHT AT SAINT LOUIS.

We mentioned in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* that a second encounter had taken place between the troops and the mob at St. Louis. We now publish two illustrations of the event, from sketches by Mr. M. Hastings, of St. Louis. The tragedy was thus described by a spectator:

"About six o'clock (on 11th) a large body of Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the Arsenal where they had been enlisted during the day, and furnished with arms. On reaching Walnut Street the troops turned westward, a large crowd lining the pavement to witness their progress. At the corner of Fifth Street parties among the spectators began hooting, hissing, and otherwise abusing the companies as they passed, and a boy about fourteen years old discharged a pistol into their ranks. Part of the rear company immediately turned and fired upon the crowd, and the whole column was instantly in confusion, breaking their ranks and discharging their muskets down their own line and among the people on the sidewalks. The shower of balls for a few minutes was terrible, and bullets flying in every direction, entering the doors and windows of private residences, breaking shutters, and smashing bricks in the third story."

"The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed, spectators fleeing in all directions, and but for the random firing of the troops scores of people must have been killed. As most of the firing was directed down their own ranks the troops suffered most severely, four of their number being instantly killed and several wounded."

"Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence. The most intense indignation was expressed against the Germans. Mayor Taylor addressed the excited crowd and induced them to disperse under the promise that no further violence should be done. The city was comparatively quiet during the evening and night, a heavy rain preventing the assembling of large crowds."

The following account of the affair is from the *St. Louis Republic* of May 12: "Another act in the terrible drama of blood that opened so fearfully on Friday, was enacted last evening, and six more victims were added to the already sad list of dead. Two scenes of blood so close together, and so frightful in their results, have seldom before plunged a city into mourning. At about half past five o'clock

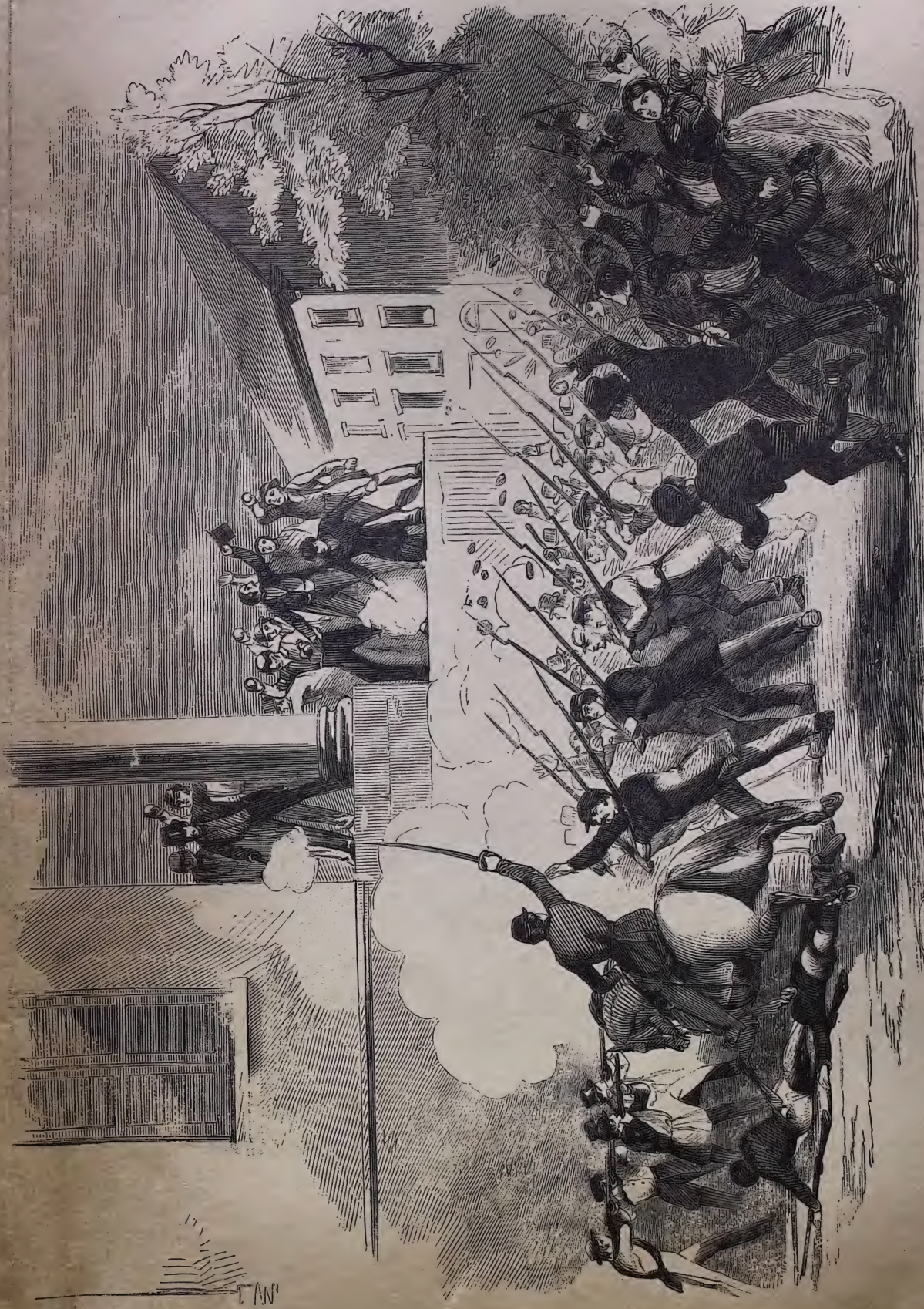


CORNER SCENE DURING THE EXCITEMENT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]

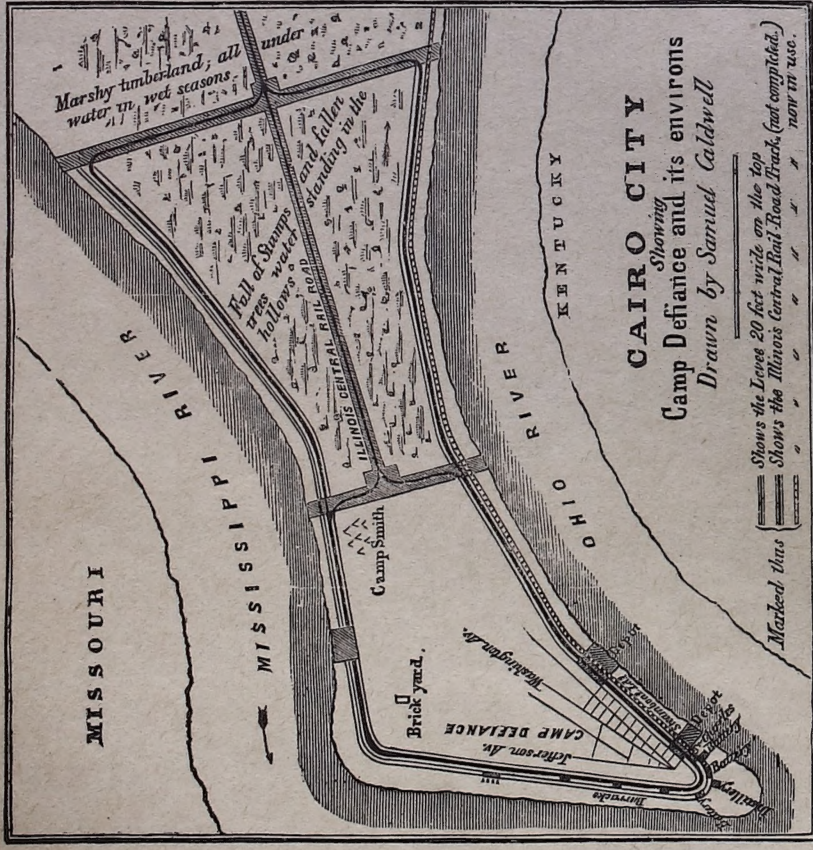
in the evening a large body of the German Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the Arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day and furnished with arms. Large crowds collected to witness their march, and they passed unmolested along until they reached Walnut, when they turned up that street and proceeded westward. Large crowds were collected on these corners, who hooted and hissed as the companies passed, and one man standing on the steps of the church fired a revolver into the ranks. A soldier fell dead, when two more shots were fired from the windows of a house near by. At this time the head of the column, which reached as far as Seventh, suddenly

turned, and, leveling their rifles, fired down the street, and promiscuously among the spectators who lined the pavement. Shooting as they did directly toward their own rear ranks, they killed some of their men as well as those composing the crowd. The shower of bullets was for a moment terrible, and the only wonder is that more lives were not lost. The missiles of lead entered the windows and perforated the doors of private residences, tearing the ceilings and throwing splinters in every direction. The house of Mr. Mathews was entered by three bullets, and Mr. Mathews's daughter was struck slightly by a spent ball. On the street the scene presented as the soldiers moved

off was sad indeed. Six men lay dead at different points, and several were wounded and shrieking with pain upon the pavements. The dead carts—which have become familiar vehicles since the scenes of the last two days—were soon engaged in removing the corpses from the ground. The wounded were carried to the Health Office. Four of the men killed were members of the regiment, and two were citizens. Last night the former had not been recognized. Jerry Switzel, an engineer on the river, was passing by the door of Mr. H. Glover's residence, on Seventh Street, next to Walnut, when a ball struck him in the head, and scattered his brains over the door and walls. A pool of blood marked the spot where he fell, after his body had been removed. Jeremiah Godfrey, a hired man of Mr. Cozzens, County Surveyor, was working in the yard of Mr. Cozzens at the time of the occurrence. While stooping over, in the act of fastening some flowers to a frame, three soldiers entered the gate, and approaching within the yard, fired three shots into his body. Fortunately, none of them were fatal, being all flesh wounds. The family witnessed the affair, and says that the man had not been out of the yard and was unaware of the approach of the assailants until stricken down by their bullets. Charles H. Woodward, a clerk in Pomeroy & Benton's store, was shot in the shoulder, and will have to have his entire arm amputated. He was carried into the residence of Mr. Mathews and kindly cared for. James F. Welsh, living at No. 139 Wash Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, was shot through the foot. Michael Davy, residing between O'Fallen and Cass Avenues and Sixth and Seventh, received a ball through the ankle, and amputation will be necessary. John Nelus was wounded in the cheek. Several others were injured slightly. The houses on the right side of Walnut, from Fifth to Seventh, were considerably injured by bullets, and the inmates in several cases had very narrow escapes. At a late hour in the night the bodies of John Ganerin, whose brother keeps a livery-stable on Market Street, William Cody, a book-peddler, from New Orleans, and John Dick, a German soldier, were recognized among the dead. Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence, and the whole city presented a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. Mayor Taylor made an address to the people from the steps of the church on Fifth and Walnut streets."



UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS ATTACKED BY THE MOB, CORNER OF FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]



THE CAMP AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

THE accompanying plan of the CAMP OF THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS, at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, will enable our readers to realize the change which has lately taken place in that well-known spot. Two camps have been established near the junction of the rivers—Camp Defiance, near the river bank; and Camp Smith, a short distance further north.

A correspondent writes us concerning Camp Defiance:

The camp is now in an unfinished condition. Improvements are, however, rapidly going on; and in the course of a week or so it will present a good and comfortable appearance. A line of sentries are posted along the levee, on the Mississippi side, some twenty miles up the river. All boats are stopped, and the commandant has been ordered to "hauled." There are four regiments stationed here now, with about thirty or forty pieces of artillery. Six forty-pounders arrived this A. M. Colonel B. M. Prentiss was yesterday elected Brigadier-General, and is already in command of the camp.

We think that, with the present force, this point can be held against any attack. The camp is now in the hands of the army, and is now in the hands of the army. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. LEVINS, CAMP DEFENSE, CAIRO, ILL., May 10, 1861.

The Chicago Tribune says:

At the present time fully five thousand men are concentrated in and about Cairo. They are all drilled in the use of arms, and are all of the best quality of troops. The army is now in the hands of the army. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. LEVINS, CAMP DEFENSE, CAIRO, ILL., May 10, 1861.

General Prentiss, who is in command of the forces, is an officer of much experience, and well qualified for the position. He is a cool, prudent, unostentatious gentleman; not likely to undertake any thing rash, nor to fail in any thing that he does undertake. He commands the army, and is now in the hands of the army. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. LEVINS, CAMP DEFENSE, CAIRO, ILL., May 10, 1861.

The military editor of the Chicago Post tells us:

Cairo can only be attacked in three ways. First, by steam-vessels approaching on the river, and attacking the city from the rear. Second, by land, and attacking the city from the front. Third, by land, and attacking the city from the rear. The city is now in the hands of the army. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. LEVINS, CAMP DEFENSE, CAIRO, ILL., May 10, 1861.

The city is now in the hands of the army. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. LEVINS, CAMP DEFENSE, CAIRO, ILL., May 10, 1861.

out on the open country-road when the day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of list, like a beggar. When we drove up to the Blue Boar after a drizzly ride, whom should I see come out under the gate-way, tooth-pick in hand, to look at the coach, but Bentley Drummie!

As he pretended not to see me, I pretended not to see him. It was a very lame pretense on both sides; the lameness, because we both went into the coffee-room, where he had just finished his breakfast and where I ordered mine. It was poisonous to me to see him in the town, for I very well knew why he had come there.

Pretending to read a smea newspaper long out of date, which had nothing half so legible in its local news as the foreign matter of coffee, pickles, fish sauces, gravy, melted butter, and wine, with which it was sprinkled all over, as if it had taken the measles in a highly irregular form, I sat at my table while he stood before the fire. By degrees it became an enormous injury to me that he stood before the fire, and I got up, determined to have my share of it. I had to put my hand behind his legs for the poker when I went up to the fire-place to stir the fire, but still pretended not to know him.

"Oh!" said I, poker in hand; "it's you, is it? How do you do?" I was wondering who it was who kept the fire off."

With that I poked tremendously, and having done so, planned myself side by side with Mr. Drummie, my shoulders squared and my back to the fire.

"You have just come down?" said Mr. Drummie, edging me a little away with his shoulder.

"Yes," said I, edging him a little away with my shoulder.

"Beastly place," said Drummie. "Your part of the country, I think?"

"Yes," I assented. "I am told it's very like Shropshire."

"Not in the least like it," said Drummie. Here Mr. Drummie looked at his boots, and I looked at mine; and then Mr. Drummie looked at my boots, and I looked at his.

"Have you been here long?" I asked, determined not to yield an inch of the fire.

"Long enough to be tired of it," returned Drummie, pretending to yawn, but equally determined.

"Do you stay here long?"

"Can't say," answered Mr. Drummie. "Do you?"

"Can't say," said I.

I felt here, through a tingling in my blood, that if Mr. Drummie's shoulder had claimed another hair's-breadth of room, I should have jerked him into the window; equally that if my own shoulder had urged a similar claim, Mr. Drummie would have jerked me into the nearest box. He whistled a little. So did I.

"Large tract of marshes about here, I believe?" said Drummie.

"Yes. What of that?" said I.

Mr. Drummie looked at me, and then at my boots, and then said, "Oh, I and laughed.

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummie?"

"No," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public houses—and smithies—and that."

Waiter!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

"Brought round to the door, Sir."

"I say. Look here, you Sir. The lady won't ride to-day; the weather won't do."

"Very good, Sir."

"And I don't dine, because I'm going to dine at the lady's."

"Very good, Sir."

Then Drummie glanced at me, with an insolent triumph on his great-jowled face that cut me to the heart, dull as he was, and so exasperated me that I felt inclined to take him in my arms as the robber in the story-book is said to have taken the old lady, and seat him on the fire.

One thing was manifest to both of us, and that was, that until relief came neither of us could relinquish the fire. There we stood, well squared up before it, shoulder to shoulder, and budging an inch. The horse was visible outside in the drizzle at the door, my breakfast was put on table, Drummie's was cleared away, the waiter invited me to begin, I nodded, we both stood.

"Have you been to the Grove since?" said Drummie.

"No," said I, "I had quite enough of the Finches the last time I was there."

"Was that when we had a difference of opinion?"

"Yes," I replied, very shortly.

"Come, come! They let you off easily enough," sneered Drummie. "You shouldn't have lost your temper."

"Mr. Drummie," said I, "you are not competent to give advice on that subject. When I lose my temper (not that I admit having done so on that occasion) I don't throw glasses."

"I do," said Drummie.

After glancing at him once or twice in an increased state of smoldering ferocity, I said:

"Mr. Drummie, I did not seek this conversation, and I don't think it an agreeable one."

"I am sure it's not," said he, superciliously, over his shoulder; "I don't think any thing about it."

"And therefore," I went on, "with your leave, I will suggest that we hold no kind of conversation in future."

"Quite my opinion," said Drummie, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Wait-ter!" said Drummie, by way of answering me.

The waiter reappeared.

"Look here, you Sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride to-day, and that I dine at the young lady's?"

"Quite so, Sir."

When the waiter had felt my fast-cooling teapot with the palm of his hand, and had looked imploringly at me, and had gone out, Drummie, careful not to move the shoulder next me, took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off, but showed no sign of stirring. Choking and boiling as I was, I felt that we could not go a word further without introducing Estella's name, which I could not endure to hear him utter; and therefore I looked stonily at the opposite wall, as if there were no one present, and forced myself to silence. How long we might have remained in this ridiculous position it is impossible to say, but for the incursion of three thriving farmers—laid on by the waiter, I am inclined to think—who came into the coffee-room unbaiting their great-contents and rubbing their hands, and before whom, as they charged at the fire, we were obliged to give way.

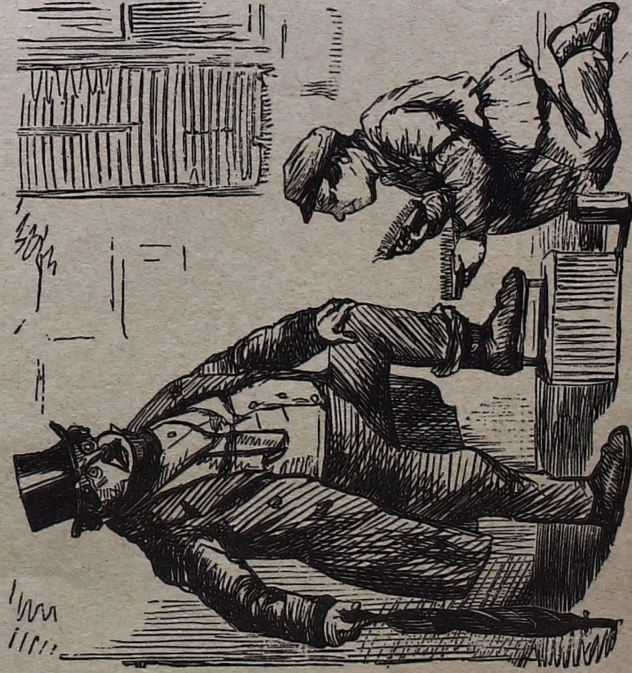
I saw him through the window, seizing his horse's mane, and mounting in his blundering brutal manner, and sidling and backing away. I thought he was gone when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-colored



"ALL DONE, ALL GONE!"



UNCLE SAM. "Hallo there, you Rascal! where are you going with my Property, eh?"
JEFF DAVIS. "Oh, dear Uncle! ALL I WANT IS TO BE LET ALONE."



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

OLD GENT (with tender feet). "Now, Boy, be very careful!"
Boy. "Oh, yes, your Honor! These 'ere knobs'll take a beautiful pol-
ish!"



MAMMA (born North). "Dear! dear! dear!—What a pity it is
you can't agree!"
SMALL BOY (born South). "Well, Mamma, we should agree, only
she's so unkind!—She won't be a Fig, and let me drive her about
by the Leg!"

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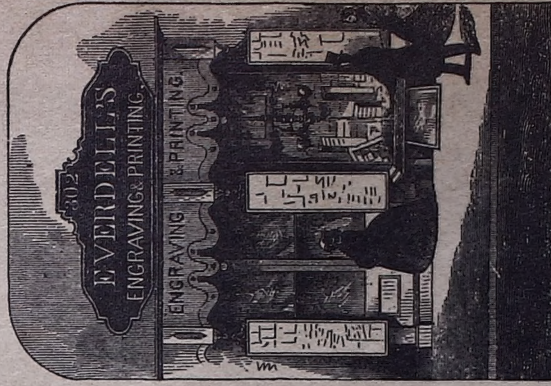
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